
VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

22

VORLESER UND KÖNIG

COM-TRAGEDIE

11

PASSAGES
SELECTED
BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES,
ON THE
GREAT LITERARY TRIAL
OF
VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;
A Comi-Tragedy.

“WHETHER IT BE—OR BE NOT FROM THE
IMMORTAL PEN OF SHAKSPEARE?”

VOLUME II.

FOURTH EDITION.

— “Open me a huge Wardrobe abounding in mothe habittes, and marke
“howe fantasticalle poore mortals will arraie themselves!”

VORT. and ROW.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BROWN,
FOR J. RIDGWAY, YORK-STREET, ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

P A S S A G E S

SELECTED

BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES,

OF THE

GREAT LITERARY TRIAL

OF

MORTIMER AND ROWLAND

A Court-Case

THE HISTORY OF THE CASE—OR AS NOT FROM THE
THE HISTORY OF THE CASE—OR AS NOT FROM THE

VOLUME II.

FOURTH EDITION.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BROWN,

AT THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

IRELAND *versus* SHAKESPEAR!!!

By the COURT.

IT having been effectually argued, and demurred on the part of the DEFENDANT, that no questionable points of *Literature*, any more than questionable points of *Law*, can in equity be pressed to an hasty decision;

It is Ordered, that the VERDICT be not received on this important cause, until the whole SUFFRAGES, already tendered, or intended to be tendered in said cause, be duly received, and solemnly recorded!

POLONIUS



Die Veneris 12^o, 1796.

IRLAND AND SHAKESPEARE

U

By the Author

It being well known
that the Irish are
not only the most
poor but the most
ignorant of any
people in the world

It is therefore
the duty of every
individual to be
instructed in
the principles of
agriculture, and
the arts and
manner of
conducting
business



DR. WATSON, 1795

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PASSAGES.

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE
TWENTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CI.—Earl of M—RA.

“ — Commende me to a busie Count for a bustlinge
“ worlde! One minute will he wooe you gallantlie at a
“ faire Dame's toilette on his humble knee—and flie the
“ next to bende a prouder cresse than his owne, in the
“ face of the Lordes Senate-house!—You may always
“ meete SERASKIN at one turn or other of human ex-
“ tremes. He will with zeale overflowinge stop to pleade
“ the cause of the poore captive, while conveying the
“ gauge of honourable defiance to a proude PRINCE in
“ aide of one, whom chaunce has *barred from regal blood!*
“ —Fight will he himselfe most manfullie; but, as you
“ prize the credit of his valoure, let it be done under his
“ own guidance special.—Punctilious is he as noble; so
“ that he will fence with the Sages of his Sov'raine's
“ Council untill the moone's at the full, upon the fense
“ constructive of their own decrees!—Such outwarde
“ workinges sway this compound man, whose minde
“ within moves but for others goode, which dothe his
“ owne felicitie embrace!”

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

CII.—Mrs. M—NT—GU.

“ Marry, goode Dame! but you maie well deride the
“ partial boones of Nature, when a left handed imitation
“ of tasste dothe so currentlie counterfeite her handi-
“ workes!—With the redundance of mortal frailties
“ establish me thy faire fame on matchles singularity!
“ —Critisise where thou can’st not comprehend; and
“ satirize where the weak worlde doth foolishlie admire.
“ —Like the matron of *Mantua*, garter thy partie-co-
“ loured leg below the knee; and mount on the listes of
“ meeke-eyed Charitie, by feedinge with dates, and
“ dainties one day in the Kalendar, all the footie race of
“ Chimnie-sweepinge boyes, that they may enioie the
“ luxurie of their harde fate through the remainder of
“ the yeare!”

PAGE 123.—Not GENUINE.

CIII.—Earl of B—L—ST.

“ Methinks, good STEPHANO, those of my father’s
“ house did take me for a *Bulle of Irisbe* extraction; for
“ they set curs to bait *me* into madness, while more
“ tenderlie did they select an ambling *Scotte*, of *Gallowaye*
“ breed, for the merriment of my junior brother!—But,
“ since they drove me to the altar of sacrifice, I did ad-
“ venture to take with me a help-meet, and there, with
“ the aide of pious Priest, I made my maiden * *BELLE*
“ *fasse*, by a knot tied with my tongue, which dothe
“ now challenge all their wise wittes to untie againe
“ with their teethe!”

PAGE 63.—*Not GENUINE.*

* DR. PARR, ~~whom~~ the fortunate MR. IRELAND has
named EDITOR elect, for this unique Comi-Tragedy,
threw down his pipe, when he came to this miserably begotten
PUN, and owned himself for the moment, a DISSENTER
from the new SHAKSPEAREAN faith!

CIV.—C—fs of * * * * *

- “ Why was KARKMENA prodigalie stored
“ With all the wiles which wanton rounde her sexe,
“ But to displaie in peering womanhoode
“ Supremacie's fell power? Oh, marke ye well
“ Howe she dothe turne meeke Nature in her course;
“ Make diadems the royal temples chafe;
“ Tie with a busie hande the gordian knotte
“ Of others love, that she (of human woe,
“ Insatiate destinie) may cut in twaine
“ The filken ligatures of mortal blisse!
“ Her features with her voice are well attuned,
“ True to the varyinge mischiefes of her minde!
“ Like the first polish'd *Serpente*, that seduced
“ The easie faithe of ADAM's wedded love,
“ A more than Angel's form she can assume,
“ And wooe in seraph straines the creature doom'd
“ To drinke the dulcet poison of her tongue,
“ And fall her 'guiled sacrifice!”

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CV.—Colonel C—WTH—NE.

“ — Varnishe me double over by a special Courte
“ of Law Martial, or no more weare I a coate of maile
“ i' the King's rented fielde!—I have gone about to indite
“ me a Speeche that shall be-puzzle the bie standers,
“ and confounde the clumsie imagination of mineemie!
“ —Let him doe now as he liste, I may defie his malice
“ to make me more or lessie, than the thinge in veritie I
“ am!—To mine owne bright valoure am I indebted as
“ a man of armes!—I have seene much powder wasted
“ on a sun-shinie day!—thanks to my genius in the arte
“ of war, I am also right conversant i' the quick step
“ to the retreate, and, by an eare refined, I now can nice
“ distinction make, betwixte the *Dinner Tattoo*,” and
“ *Go to bed, Tom!*”

PAGE 51.—GENUINE.

CVI.—Lady E—— B—NG—M.

“ Oh fie, my quondam *Cox. of Norfolk*!—Did you not
 “ practice on my girlishe vanitie, when I was depicted
 “ the fair SHEBA to your Grace’s wiser SOLOMON?—
 “ You told me I was then “ in all my glorie;” but,
 “ alack, no sooner did they taunte me with the honours
 “ they conferred, than my weake woman’s frailtie rebelled
 “ against the *bloode* of HOWARD’S loftie race!—Why did
 “ I sweare to love the man by others eyes thus chosen?
 “ —With soules as much at variance as our faithe, what
 “ could I better, than the latter loose, to save the former,
 “ and breake the odious webbe, wherein, like fillie flie,
 “ I was unwittinglie ensnared?”

PAGE 77.—*Nor GENUINE.*

CVII.—Sir F——B—LL—R.

“ This trottinge from Courte to Courte, terme after
“ terme, befittes not my humour well !—But since I am
“ sworne an Administrator of the Lawes, I will see them
“ most wholesomelie dispensed to all offendinge crea-
“ tures, male and female !—The knaves incorrigible will
“ I stringe like ropes of onions ; and to teache conjugal
“ obeisance to womankind, their measure of chastisement
“ will I decree to be dealt at their husbandes handes by
“ the *Rule of THUMBE* !”

PAGE 94.—GENUINE.

CVIII.—Lady CAROLINE C—MFD—LL.

- " I did a plaine untitled man espouse,
 " (With wealthe, like his own mountaines high amass'd)
 " That I might lead the pliante husbande bounde
 " To vassalage eterne !—To me he lookes
 " With lowlie eye, as to the sacred founte
 " From whence his borrowed lustre is derived,—
 " Whene'er I deign to commune—'tis not est—
 " His greedie eare mine accents dothe devoure,
 " As falling from anointed dignitie !
 " He, with the prating worlde, presumes to saie,
 " That I am shaped and featured in the moulde
 " Of Grecian loveliness :—but, lineallie trained
 " Above the incense of the lower spheres,
 " See how I soare beyond poor mortals praise,
 " In proude supremacie of state !"

PAGE II.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CIX.—Earl of EGR—M—T.

—— “ When they made such *Lordes* as this same
“ Comte *Hugolto*, they knewe their trade well, and
“ wrought with the best materials!—Marry, Sir, you
“ trace not him through the foiles, and doubles of your
“ Court purlieus, but finde him on his owne domaine,
“ like one who shrinks not at the Shrieve's officer, nor
“ feares the reproaches of a tenantrie tortured upon rack-
“ rentes!—Although the learned languages be as familiar
“ to him as plaine-dealing, he offends no unlettered man
“ with his *ecce homos!* or *tu quoques!*—The felicitie of
“ all Heaven's creatures is his delighte, and the voice of
“ gratitude attends it—even his houndes challenge him
“ at viewe, on the score of his benevolence!—Whatever
“ be the portion of his failings, the frailtie of man's
“ nature will reasonable account for it!”

PAGE 165.—GENUINE.

CX.—Countess of Es—x.

—— “ On her visit to *Algieres*, they did elect her
 “ Empress of the gaudie *Maccaus*!—since which, plumes,
 “ and cheekes of various hues, have mightlie adorned
 “ her!—After this, the doctrines of * *painted paste-boards*
 “ did she studie under the learned *Jewes* in Palestine:
 “ strange trickes by slight of hande were then displaied
 “ to those her sisterhoode, who crossed her luckie palme
 “ i^t the sillie hope of bettering their fortunes!—So that
 “ with her Lorde’s * *Courte dealinges*, and her own dex-
 “ terous dealinges in *Courtlie paper*, they turne the worlde
 “ right merrilie around them!”

PAGE 13.—*Not GENUINE.*

* “ *Painted paste-boards*”—“ *Courtlie paper.*”—*Mr. CAPEL LOFT, confessedly one of our most old fashioned Critics on the immortal Bard, says decidedly, “ that these two passages allude to the new art of gambling with CARDS, which crept into BRITAIN at that period.”—We are apprehensive, however, that the learned Commentator has here been guilty of a little anachronism, as CARDS were certainly invented in the year 1390, to divert the melancholy of CHARLES VI. then King of France.*

CXI.—The Duke of L—ds.

— “ In good truth he hathe been piouſlie nurtured ;
“ for no ſooner did his ſainted mother bring him forth,
“ than falling ſound aſleepe, ſhe dreamed of ſucklinge his
“ infant Grace upon the *milkie way* ! hence of Chriſtian
“ mildneſs doe all his manners gentlie ſmack.—And yet
“ he’ll quarrel not either with a *Grace*, or a *Muſe* of fire ;
“ nay, he can whiſper a light thing gallantlie to a female
“ in the darke, and tag a *mendicant Epilogue*, to chaunte
“ an half-damned *Plaie-wrighte* out of the tortures of
“ purgation ! ”

PAGE 12.—Not GENUINE.

CXII.—Lady GR—NV—LE.

“ Though fortune on her lovelie browe hath placed
“ In proudest jewelrie the wreathe of state,
“ Marke with what grace upon her gentle breasts
“ The pearle of Christian charitie appeares,
“ More chafelie brighte, and radiantlie pure,
“ Than all that Courtlie diadems displaie !”

PAGE 88.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXIII.—Sir P—P—R A—D—N

— “ Marrie, Sir, I picked not up my common lawe as
“ a pigeon dothe his pease, i' th' common field, —So
“ will I throwe away an opinion haffilie for no man! —
“ As everie case in pointe hathe of necessitie two fides,
“ so hathe your *libelle constitutional* its *texte*, and *contexte*;
“ out of which we sometimes make a third—to witte—
“ your *mar-texte*! —But I do demean myselfe to parlie
“ thus; because it appertaineth unto me, as Master of
“ the *Rolles* to our trustie Sov'raine Lorde the Kinge,
“ to see that on the proper side his royal *breade be*
“ *gliblie butter'd!* ”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

CXIV.—Mrs. C—P—G—Y.

“ She is as daintie a *wild-duck* as ever haunted the
 “ lake of a *decoy*—and, once on winge, arrest her giddie
 “ flighte who can ! She hath the witte most wiselie to
 “ enacte whatever follie vanitie dothe sette before her ;
 “ and a charitie so Christian-like, that she dothe barter
 “ fine foode and raiment for the emptie scraps of ped-
 “ dling poetasters !—Musique and sarabands doe so in-
 “ vite her, that, with her lattice open, she’ll sit through
 “ moon-light nights, unmasqued, to hear the straines of
 “ amorous serenaders, and come forth the next morn the
 “ *Arch’refs* DIAN, displaieing a leg most continentlie
 “ buskined ! Oh, Sir, so rarelie dothe she plaie these
 “ prettie pranks, that halfe the gapeinge worlde are
 “ cheated in beliefe that they have seen one angel upon
 “ earthe *Stark* mad !”

PAGE 29.—Not GENUINE.

CXV.—Earl of M———D.

— “ To moulde a sturdie race of mortal men, you
“ must fashion them from materials coarse and impene-
“ trable!—Let there be none, which the teare of dull-
“ eyed Charitie dothe melt to womanlie compaffion;—
“ but imitate the Stoique fortitude of him, whose breaste
“ is harder than a ten weekes frofte, and which no human
“ breathe e'er thawed into benevolence !”

PAGE 103.—*Not GENUINE.*

CXVI.—Duchefs of N—W—STLE.

- “ Oh, throughout Nature's workes, what havocke wilde
“ Dothe one dire shafte of destinie ordaine !
“ —If 'twere from fate alone that I had fallen,
“ This breaste had never swolne with grieve or care ;
“ But I am humbled from the crowned height
“ Of wedded love, and, with my Lorde, have lofte
“ All that a woman's harte could holde, or prize !”

PAGE 107.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CXVII.—Bishop of R———R.

—— “ I mette the prattling Abbottle of *Glaston-*
“ *burie*, just as he had gotten the thorne i'the fleshe by
“ meddling more busilie with the *Lawe* than the *Gos-*
“ *pelle*! and though a preacher of *obedience passive* in
“ other men, he bore the smart of his own sufferings
“ after the manner of the priesthoode—intolerantlie!—
“ He was clothed in *lambe-skin* throughout, signifying
“ I wotte, that he should become *belle-wether* to the re-
“ verend flocke.—Journieing a little onward, I espied
“ me the counterfeit resemblance of his worshippe,
“ *sagotted* at the public Market Crosse, in full *pontifica-*
“ *libus*!—Marrie, quoth I, my neighbours, but this
“ looketh like a *burninge shame*, to make ye of such
“ *combustible* HOLINESS, a lighte to lighten the Gen-
“ tiles!”

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

No. CXVIII.—Lady MIL—C—N.

- " I praie you, dearest mother, thinke again !
" You, as the childe of fortune, being 'trothed
" When the wilde hey-daie of the bloode was paste,
" Knewe not, from crossinge of a virgin love,
" A frenzie that no medicine can reache,
" Save Time's oblivious anodyne ; and which
" Dothe spreade dire chillinges through the veines,
" To palse life's enjoyment ?"

PAGE 66.—Not GENUINE.

No. CXIX.—Marquis of L—T—N.

— “ Time's chroniclers do tell us, that, practising
“ on the weaknesse feminine of the Lorde UDROSCO,
“ the slye knaves o' th' *Courte* cajoled him to holde the
“ darkened lanthorne, while they did trie to filche the
“ diadem from the browe of their sicke Master. After-
“ wards he was so bedazzled by this peeringe of a meteor
“ lighte, as to follow it o'er unfounde soile, where in
“ bogge and penance dothe he still remaine, far from the
“ ray of rising, or of settinge sunne !”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

No. CXX.—Mrs. N—TH.

—— “Saie, who hath seene
“GERSTINA, late from *Mantua* return'd!
“I marvel if her travaile hathe caste off
“The midnight witcheries of lustful *plaie*,
“Which held her minde by fascination bounde?—
“Or if th' incautious care of vanitie
“By prudence hathe been wiselie sealed against
“The dulcet poison of a flatterer's tale?
“Thus error's wayward pathe may be trod backe,
“And grace attend the foote-steps yet to come!”

PAGE 54.—Not GENUINE.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CXXI.—Alderman L—SH—N.

— “ More headstrong are these fellowe *Cittes*
“ of mine, than so manie Spannishe mules unbitted!—
“ They delighte themselves as muche in a roasted *Alder-*
“ *manne* on their hustinges, as a barbicued pigge in the
“ cramminge ides of November!—And here am I, the
“ representative sworne of such gluttonizing varlettes;
“ compelled to bow to these stockes obeisantlie, or be
“ dismissed their Senate-service!—make strange speeches
“ to amuse their wilde-goose fancies?—eate with them
“ through firelines colde, and pasties hotte!—nay *eate mine*
“ *own wordes* till they nearlie choake me, and all will
“ not content them!—A plague on such servitude, saie I,
“ where our men of *Liverie* doe lorde it o’er their betters,
“ and keepe their *Civicke* Masters thus at painful watch,
“ and warde !”

PAGE 76.—Not GENUINE

No. CXXII.—Lady JOHN T——D.

—— “ For durance shorte
“ *Afrina's* radiancie was in eclipse,
“ Like the faire plannette of a clouded sphere;
“ But when her diske unveiled againe its orbe,
“ Forthe shotte its stream of lighte, and purer shone,
“ To everie eye that gazed upon her beautie!”

PAGE 83.—GENUINE.

No. CXXIII.—PRINCE EASC—S.

— “ Pooh! pooh!—Nature could never
“ mean, in wanton mockerie, to stampe me so like
“ the thinge in veritie I am not!—Sir, I was smuggled
“ from my *cradle royal* in the unfortunate hour of dark-
“ nesse.—But, be that as it maie, each line of this faire
“ face something *majestique* dothe denote; for women far
“ and near dote fondlie on my *PRINCELIE seeming!*
“ These finde it on my bloominge cheekes!—some in the
“ nose of *regal* arch!—and others in each looke, and
“ lineament, that marke superior birthe!—nay, there
“ are those, who doe discern similitude of our *House* i’ the
“ leathern vest that dothe my rear environ!—True it is,
“ that all these dignities are but ill provided for by sub-
“ ject-like revenues: yet must they be upheld; for
“ who, yclep’d the shadowe of a *Prince*, could baselie
“ crouch beneath the slender substance of a *Gentle-*
“ *man!*”

PAGE 2.—Not GENUINE..

No. CXXIV.—Countess of Ex—r.

— “ Alacke! is lordlie grandeur nought
 “ but this,—to live thus under vaulted roofes, too vaste
 “ for human wantes, and see poore folke pent up in
 “ heapes 'neath strawlesse houseings?—When they did
 “ tell me I was to be a Ladie noblie happy, I did expecte
 “ to holde more frequent commune with this worlde's
 “ peace; but, well a daie! time past I saw more inno-
 “ cencie 'mid the lowlie walkings of my father's
 “ sheepe, than now I finde through all the hurley-
 “ *Burleigh* scenes of proude man's race!”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

THIRTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CXXV.—Duke of G_L——R.

- “ Lo ! there walkes forthe the mildest Duke in *Milan* !
“ But that I knowe the stuffe of which he's made,
“ One might have sworne it on the crosse
“ The Destinies had tied him to a distaffe !
“ Though he ne'er vaulted on th' embattled plaine,
“ He hathe a soule bestirring him to armes,
“ Leagued with the social softeneffe of a minde
“ That joes in human peace.—No Courte caballes,
“ Nor feudes of mal-contents doe him delighte :
“ So to a PRINCE, thus lifting up the MAN,
“ My harte right willinglie dothe pay obeifance !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

No. CXXVI.—Hon. T. O—SL—W.

— “ I charge you, fellowes, laie not un-
“ courtlie handes on me!—Should you finde me not
“ the softe sleepeie sonne of a *Bedchamber* LORDE, tosse
“ me in a Tailor's blankette!—Though I maie lacke
“ vaste possessions of landes and beeves, I am a huge in-
“ heritor of pride, and that's enough for me:—so looke
“ to't—for he must have more follie than doth apper-
“ tain to my share who contends with the first begotten
“ of a race, so riche in ostentation human!”

PAGE 65.—GENUINE.

No. CXXVII.—Mrs. M—LLS.

—— “ And this be a LORDE's mansion, I'd
“ have you to knowe, that I. and mine have beene
“ housed in a better!—We knewe what was what before
“ we did departe from *Mervie Wakefelde* to joine the
“ Londonne Gentry?—My goode man, and it like your
“ Ladieship, was a *clotbier*, and so it bechanced that I
“ became so marvelouffie dressed!—For my parte, I like
“ everie thinge that is goode for the outside, as well as
“ within; and the best will be the best, after all!—
“ Small as I appeare, and little as your Ladieship maie
“ think it, I am worthe no lesse than ten thousand du-
“ cates, simplie as I stand appparelled before you!”

PAGE 24.—Not GENUINE.

No. CXXVIII.—Mrs. Br—st—w.

" By whim, or destinie, estrang'd from him
" Right heritor of all she hathe to give
" Of well-stored constancie, or wedded love,
" O ! garde her from the wiles which lurke arounde,
" The zone of unprotected womanhoode,
" And shewe how gracefullie, in modest miene,
" Maternal habittes do besitte her sexe.
" Still soaringe in her sphere, so maie this *Starre*,
" Which from the EAST hathe made its dazzlinge course,
" Serenelie sette within our westerne clime !"

PAGE 84.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CXXIX.—THE LORD M—Y—R.

— “ This *Sir KNIGHT* that would be, was a
“ thriving baker of unleavened biscuite, and his counte-
“ nance being combustiblie inclined, did take much fire at
“ the mouthe of his own oven!—He banquetted sumptu-
“ ouslie whole troopes of *Courtiers*, in vessels of fretted
“ silver, in honour of his own nativitie, while poore men
“ were crying aloud for bread-corne, which they were
“ forbidden to taste, and therefore lamented the houre
“ they were born!—His fellowe Cittes did proclaim in
“ waggerie that he was himself but slacklie baked; but
“ that heeded he not, while he could contrive to gette a
“ goodlie cutte at the Loafe of State, and thence lay up
“ in store, the crumbes of his owne comforte!”

PAGE 49.—Not GENUINE.

No. CXXXI.—EARL OF ORF—D.

—— “Why shoulde they make any one of God’s
“ fraile creatures a mightie man against his wille, when
“ so many packes of hungrie knaves are huntinge nighte
“ and daie for lordlie honoures!—A title is to me no
“ more than a potte of sounding mettall is when tied
“ perforce to a poor curre’s taile, and which, with all
“ his mighte, he cannot shuffle off!—I had rather be
“ an indentured binder of bookes, and fliche mine owne
“ workes in humble coveringe of vellum, than the pa-
“ ramount Duke in *Palestine*, enrobed in golde, and er-
“ mine!”

PAGE 78.—Not GENUINE.

No. CXXX.—LADY M—LE—NE.

—— “ I marvelle how the *Lady* ELIBERT, who
“ hathe seen *Time's* hour glasse so oft turned o'er, dothe
“ stille maintaine those lookes of lovelinesse without
“ abatement!—One might as soone stand the forked
“ flasbes of a fierie skie sans blinkinge, as the autumnal
“ radiance of her eye without thinking of the fruite for-
“ bidden!—If these meteors be permitted to holde so
“ longe a course, what honest man's harte throughout
“ *Meffina* can be helde in reasonable subjection ?”

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

No. CXXXII.—LADY BRIDGET T—LL—M—CHE.

“ Armed with the pointed wiles of woman’s witte,
“ Earlie the phantome *Pleasure* I have chaced
“ Through all her anticke roundes ; and if, perchance,
“ The ‘witchinge fugitive I did approache,
“ I lack’d the skille her fleetinge course to staie !
“ —The chequered variance of wedded life
“ Nexte ruled this giddie harte of mine, and gave
“ Abundantlie of joie and grieve !—Though laste,
“ Too soone came *Sorrowe*, with a clouded skie,
“ To marke the mother’s melancholie fate,
“ Who on one darlinge blisse had sealed her hope,
“ And, ere it bloomed, behelde it torne away !”

PAGE 56.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CXXXIII.—Sir JAMES M—— P—LT—Y.

“ Tell me, *Bellofern*, did I not delineate their militarie
“ exploits on the Contiente, with marvellous circum-
“ stantiation? When we were cuffed like frogges acrossse
“ the dykes o’ the Low Countries, sente I not over cou-
“ riers to them of victories atchieved, and i’ the face of
“ the Senate, vouched I not the veritie of mine own
“ Commentaries?—And howe for all those deedes have
“ they repaide me? I asked but to be ennobled after the
“ manner of others of like deserts, when they did re-
“ nounce my suite who profitted of my service; so that
“ I was compelled to become the founder of mine owne
“ honours, by creating myselfe a Knighte of the BATHE!”

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

No. CXXXIV.—Mrs. H—st—cs.

— “ Marke me that fictionne fretted on the clothe
“ in golde, and priestlie purple ! A tale it is in veritie,
“ though here by holie fabuliste proclaimed !—She on the
“ righte, with precious jewellrie bedecked, is the ‘witch-
“ ing *Sheba*, who rose and journied with the Sunne, to
“ visitte *Solomon* in all his glorie !—To winne him o’er
“ to Eastern dalliance, see howe her pliante bodie she
“ dothe bende ev’n to the grounde she sprang from !—
“ and lo ! her eyes by basselifques bequeathed, do rivette
“ on his frame the filke-worme chaine she wroughte for
“ his enthraldomme !”

PAGE 100.—Not GENUINE.

No. CXXXV.—Alderman B—K W—TS—N.

“ My Warde of * *Cöblers*, revengeful of the *fn* I losfe,
 “ are sworne devourers of the jowles of *Godde*, with
 “ shoulders huge ’pertaininge !—These simple knaves of
 “ gluttonnie, but little wotte that I did tempte the
 “ prowlinge *Sharke* to plaie with me i’ the waters, that
 “ I mighte learne of him voracious artes aright ;—and
 “ howe, like this purveyor of the deepe, to boulte what-
 “ ever floated tempting to the eye !—I heede not then the
 “ shapeful limbe I losfe—for, down the jawe capacious
 “ of a *Greenlande Whale* alike the gorged *PROPHET*
 “ would I hoppe, so I might gaine more worlddie wif-
 “ dome by the dreade descence !”

PAGE 22.—Not GENUINE.

* If we may credit Mr. IRELAND, his Cousin SHAKESPEARE took an aversion to Shoemakers, and therefore he lets fly this sarcastic arrow at the CIVIC MOTE of CORDWAINERS !

No. CXXXVI.—Mrs. B—RW—L.

———— “ Full well I knowe
“ That men in piece-meales have their hartes composed
“ To feede th’ impaffioned appetites they meet;
“ But faie, shall I discharge my wedded vowe,
“ When with his fraile infirmities I tooke
“ This feeble Lorde of mine, and fondlie swore
“ Even at the altarre’s foote, I would endure them?
“ Then let not malice multiplie misdeedes
“ To ’tract my aching eye, which faine would turne
“ To gaze on what his virtues do illumine!”

PAGE 134.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

No. CXXXVII.—Princess AMELIA.

—— “ The regalle VINE

- “ Gives thus her laste faire blossomme to the sunne,
“ E'en while its honoured branches doe displaie
“ Ripe clusters temptinge to the luscious eye !
“ Passie chillinge elements serenelie o'er,
“ And leave no pallid blight with power to tainte
“ Such lovelie promise of autumnal fruite !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

No. CXXXVIII.—Major-General M—c—d.

" I knowe the savage HUNTER well ; like his owne
" HOUNDES he dothe himfelfe delighte in *human bloode*!
" When he let slip his thirstful dogges of warre, he did
" insultinglie denounce my *northerne* nose as not well-
" senced for the fielde ! therefore, as village curre, must
" I pursue, and yelpinge mayre the chace I cannot share !"

PAGE 54.—*Not GENUINE.*

No. CXXXIX.—Lady D—D—Y and W—D.

—“ Touchinge at the famed Island of *Madeira*, the natives did courte her Excellencie to sojourne there, fancying that their vintage might purple more richlie under her roseate influence ! On this we gave our canasse to the windes, lest our own *Britain* might itself be spoiled of a countenance, which argufied the better deedes of the *goode creature* !”

PAGE 100.—*Not GENUINE.*

No. CXL.—Mr. WH—TB—D, SEN.

—— “ This is he, who dothe an oylic beverage
“ compounde, to cheere the honest vassalles of our isle !
“ Of liquor stoute he hoops ye countlesse caskes ; though
“ he makes no *if*, nor *butte*, in which to bung up his
“ benevolence. He hathe a harte so faire abroache to
“ silent charitie, that never can it reache the lees ;—
“ nay, looke at his verie beastes of burden ?—do they not
“ shine out the kindlie semblance of their master’s face
“ upon the polished surface of their well-fed skinnes ?”

PAGE 23.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CXLI.—Right Hon. T. H—RL—Y.

" Well have they stamped VIRGISTERN father of
" the capitale, whose heade *Dan* TIME has filvered
" o'er so honourable in theire servitude! Unlike the
" cloudie-witted Cittes his fellowes, he taketh not his
" sleepe and foode as dull provocatives to eache other's
" joie; for, his commercial duties done, he/hies him to
" the nob'e culture of his foile, and thus standes he ad-
" mired in eache, the civicke championne, and the ruralle
" Lorde!"

PAGE 38.—GENUINE.

No. CXLII.—Marchionefs of D—N—C—L.

- “ I'd fooner trundle turnippes through the streetes,
“ Than beare menne's weakneffes at fecond hande
“ Withoute the *Nurfe's* cordial spice of gaine.
“ She is alone *fleppe-mother*, who o'er-steppes
“ The punie offspringe of a former race,
“ And bends them to that claffe fubmiffivelie,
“ Where *Follie* lookes to finde her elder-borne!”

PAGE 3.—Not GENUINE.

No. CXLIII.—Mr. M. A. T—L—R.

—— “ Trulie I was in lucke’s way in havinge a
“ father begotten before me!—yet what in mine infancie
“ he did kindlie treasure up, cunninge menne would
“ nowe beguile me of in manhoode!—No sooner had
“ I ta’en the wrinkles out of these poore varlettes skinnies
“ by wholesome provender, than they began to whet
“ their wittes upon the coarsenesse of my kitchen diette!
“ Marrie, one of their *Stage Punnefters* did aske me, an
“ I were not *Bodie TAYLOR* to *ST. MICHAEL* and all his
“ ANGELS?—Moreover they did deride the golden archi-
“ tecuture of my Sire, and woulde faine have pulled
“ downe with wantonne handes, what he, with *bodde*
“ and *trowelle*, did so marvelouflic pile up!—So thought
“ I fitte to breake with them, lest, by the friendlie pro-
“ digalitie of such hungrie knaves, I should myfelfe be
“ broken!”

PAGE 99.—GENUINE.

No. CXLIV.—Lady AUGUSTA CL—V—s.

“ Courtes marr’d ROWENA not: though shininge there
“ Preeminentlie graced, she onlie fighed
“ To winne one inmate to her constante harte,
“ And owne him Lorde of all her life to come !
“ Her maiden hope fulfilled, how well she wore
“ The pure, unfallied habitte of a wyfe,
“ Which Nature form’d to fitte so lovelie on her !—
“ Nexte came a motherre’s newe, and deare delightes,
“ When to her younge inherittores she gave
“ All the delicious stores of love twice tolde
“ Which, in caresses from their manlie Sire,
“ She doatinglie had treasured up !”——

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

THITY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL,

CXLV.—M—q—s of B—K—H—M.

- “ Upon the oily surface of this lande
“ Have I so rolled, and hugelie fattened,
“ That my owne ponderous *temples* 'gin to ache
“ With the exceedinges of so vaste a surfeite !
“ Nowe with a minde amphibiouslie formed,
“ I pine for other elements, and faine
“ Would swaye a lordlie sceptre o'er the deepe,
“ That in this liquid voide quite uncontroled,
“ A dreade *Leviathanne* I there might move !”

PAGE 66.—Not GENUINE.

CXLVI.—Lady E——TH R—CK—TS.

“ I doe remember me, a faire, and noble maiden of *Pa-*
“ *dua*, so envied for her beautie, that some of her owne
“ sexe did chronicle against her lovelinesse, tideings, false,
“ as they were foule ! but, in good soothe, Justice did
“ amende her damaged fame with so rounde a summe in
“ duckattes, that she was constrained to call a *bus-*
“ *bande* in to counte them !—marry, from hence it wag-
“ gishlie was said, that her Ladieship did drawe her
“ *wedding sheetes* from out the *libertie of our presse* !”

PAGE 117.—GENUINE.

CXLVII.—Vice-Admiral C—nw—s.

— “ That same blustering *Ocean*, let me tell you
“ Neighbour, breedes us a fewe odde monsters, as trouble-
“ some as itselſe!—It is an element on which the
“ circumnavigators of our Sovereign Lorde doe faile
“ too ofte in chace of their owne phantasies! Some,
“ like the moodie animals in *Noab's* daies, you can-
“ not drive on boarde their barque with pitch-forkes;
“ while others, muleiſhlie inclined, will hardlie quitte
“ the *mountain ARKE* when it be stranded!

PAGE 117.—GENUINE.

CXLVIII.—Lady SM—H B—C—SS.

“ Soone as my husbande’s trafficke i’ th’ EASTE
“ Displaied with gilding raies a rising funne,
“ And bent the worlde’s bafe worshippers before it,
“ On his new wheele of fortune did I rolle
“ Within the giddie circles of the greate
“ To all mankind’s amazement !—Restless there,
“ I deale my aires fantasticalle rounde,
“ Pledged by infatiate vanitie to prove
“ What golde, with female frontlette unappalled
“ In imitative grandeur may atchieve !”

PAGE 10.—*Not GENUINE.*

THIRTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXLIX.—LORD M—LD—N.

" In these aristocratique daies, 'tis well there be some
" *littel* LORDES, who can devise the meanes to make
" themselves *lesse*: such are your fillie knaves, who,
" setting not their hartes on aught substantial, will bar-
" ter you the charmes of a delectable mistresse for the
" more fleetinge semblance of a *Prince's* favour!—These
" fellowes, without the spirit to protect a woman,
" will provoke you one of our most puissant Lordes to
" single combatte, and after all he toucheth not his dou-
" blette, though it be swollen out as huge as an *Issing-*
" *torune* haystacke!"

PAGE 3.—GENUINE.

CL.—D—SS OF M—LB—GH.

" Go prate of meeke humilitie to those,
" Whose neckes are form'd to bende beneathe her yoke !
" I have a cresse that gracefullie denotes
" A high, and loftie minde, which scorns to view
" Poore vulgar mortals crawling underneathe,
" Those infectes of a lower worlde, ordain'd
" To be by higher orders trodden down !"

PAGE 100.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLI.—Sir W—TK—N L—W—S.

“ I have kepte my Sabbathes in pottle houses to a scur-
“ vie tune, if these varlette Citizens, whom I have so
“ nightlie drenched, do turne their ungrateful tailes upon
“ me, now that my *Welch ale* is upon the lees!—But I
“ will hie me to the lordlie ruler of our isle, and aske of
“ him, whom I have followed through thicke and thinne,
“ whether my deserts do entitle me to no better fate
“ than to be turned up like a worn-out gander, to starve
“ upon a common !”

PAGE 73.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLII.—C—fs of CH—M—D—Y.

- “ Come, cheerilie, sweete Madam, still I saie !
“ These truante *Lords* of ours will have their bente
“ Though we our swelling hartes do figh to attomes !
“ 'Tis not weake woman's praiers, nor teares will turne
“ The loose, and riot course of him she loves,
“ Nor breake, alas ! the *Circe* spelles of those
“ Who doe by blandishments libidinous
“ Entice the better parte of us away !”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLIII.—Sir JOHN H—PSL—Y.

— “ The nurse who first proclaimed my goodlie *nose*
“ must have predicted unwisely, for it has led me
“ on a wrong scent from it's nativitie to the present daie !
“ If mens wives did marvelle in admiration of it in my
“ youthe, their witless Lordes were sett upon their guard
“ by this precursor of my approach ! and now 'tis
“ dwindled to a gibeing stocke for the honourable *Virgin-*
“ *nes of the Courte* to giggle at !—Since I have commenced
“ Courtlie *Sir*, our witcrackers have cudgelled me with
“ mine own weapons ; nay the *holie Pontiffe's* blessing has
“ availed me nought in the honours it procured, for my
“ constituents have laughed this *bloodie band* to scorne,
“ because, forsoothe, they found it not *bleede free* ! ”

PAGE 63.—Not GENUINE.

CLIV₄—Lady H—c—s—t—n.

- “ Praie thee, offende mine acheing ear no more
“ With fillie praises of a rural *Springe*;
“ Painte not to me her milke-maides ruddie cheekes,
“ Her bleating flockes—or birdes that tunelesse sing :
“ From these my better fate, quick let me flie
“ Into the flattering hauntes of pollished men,
“ Where gailie bloome our sexe's deare delightes,
“ Which, oft as pluckt, doe instant budde anewe !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CLV.—Duke of Q—sb—Y.

“ That can be no other than the *Compte Falsfeinberg*,
“ who still wears the gaie doublette of youthe, for having
“ wrestled so long with Gaffer *Time* without a falle!
“ He hath so besfattered the optical nerve of his nether
“ eye, by gazing beautie from it's countenance, that it
“ latelie went out like a small lighte in a strong
“ winde!—Nowe puts he more confidence in *Women*,
“ and but little in *Princes*, thinking hereby to leade a
“ life that is uprighte, and Christian-like! Although
“ infirmities manifolde do besette him, the milke of hu-
“ man kindnesse flows so rounde his weather-beaten
“ harte, that when the ballance of his frail account is
“ strucke, his follies shall weigh but as a feather,
“ light against him !”

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

CLVI.—Mrs. M. A. T—Y L—R.

- “ In holie bandes no sooner was she trothed,
“ Than the gaie flattering worlde did buzze around
“ Her matchless shape in adoration wilde !
“ Men swore her pictured semblance ill displaied
“ The peering beauties of her lovelie forme ;
“ —That Nature robed in such divinitie
“ No mimicke artifice could ever trace !
“ These tales with calme indifference she heard,
“ Nor deign'd to give one softe approving glance
“ For all this prodigalitie of praise !
“ Thus *mightie* prov'd ROWENA's wedded love,
“ To garde the honour of her *littel* Lorde !”

PAGE 243.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLVII.—THE P—— OF ——.

- “ If I'm apparent heire to sov'raigne power,
“ Why not my lordlie wille ride paramounte
“ O'er all the narrowe limmittes of mens mindes ?
“ Oweing to nought obedience, who, like me,
“ Can *woman's* shiftinge weakneses controule—
“ To fonde allegiance bende her yielding harte,
“ In adoration, or in feare ?—From her
“ Let tribute first in *love* be duellie paid,
“ A fruitful homage nexte, in sighes, and teares !”

PAGE I.—*Not* GENUINE..

CLVIII.—Mrs. ST—T.

“ Goe, Gertrude, and informe my Lorde the Kynge’s
“ Chiefe Justice, that though a weake, and fillie woman,
“ I doe defie the power of his denunciations legal ! Tell
“ him to boote, that, malgre his *bar-points*, I must have
“ nightlie a *cocke* on my *carde*, though I do pennance for
“ it by forfeiture of goodes, and chattalles ! If his Lord-
“ ship dothe saie trulie that I have lost the sence of shame,
“ I can looke for it through any wooden * *tellelescope* in
“ the face of the worlde, without further expenditure of
“ blushing !”

PAGE 31.—GENUINE.

* *Mr. STEVENS says, this was an instrument called by the Saxons a Pillorie; intended both for corporeal punishment, and mental shame.*

CLIX.—Admiral Sir A——G—RD——R.

—— “Avast, all handes!—I had rather repasse the
“fire of the enemie’s *line*, than be thus run *atwart*
“*bauser* by those *land-lubbers* in the *choppes* of the
“*cbannelle*!—A longe watche in so short a sea, belikes
“me not ! After bluffinge it to *windwarde* fifteen daies,
“on the 13th P. M. we came to *rough anchorage* in the
“straits of *Convente-Gardenne*, where we might have
“rode out the remainder of the gale; but seeing the
“COMMODORE rowe his *jollie boate* so right a heade, we
“doused our *top-gallant sail* to him, and finding our-
“selves drifting hard upon the *black buoy* on the *flattes*,
“piped all handes, to *cutte and run* !”

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

CLX.—Lady M—N—RS.

- “ Why seeke ye Sirs, the milde *Rowena* here ?
“ With the firste smile of opening morne she 'peared,
“ And hied her forth to visite *Dian's* temple !
“ There forms she wreathes of flowrettes chastelie culled
“ From flowinge numbers of her plaintive muse,
“ Sweetlie to decke faire *Fancie's* hallowed shrine !

PAGE 234.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CLXI.—Earl of C—v—v.

——“ I doe still prefer the rogueish twinkeling of an
“ hazel eye, to any other constellation ; and yet the
“ spiteful jades reporte I am grown olde, and ebbing
“ faste to dotage ! Marry but it likes me not to fall
“ into the *vale of yeares*, because possession there is at
“ the will of another *Lorde*, and deathe the fine cer-
“ tain for the fee simple of a sinful life !—Were I not
“ to encounter in the other worlde, *wives*, and *doxies*
“ who have paid the debt of nature's frailties half a
“ centurie before me, I might not heede this journe-
“ ing hence ; but to be clapper-clawed bothe here,
“ and hereafter, is a pennance too harde for any mortal
“ sinning !”

PAGE 49.—GENUINE,

CLXII.—Miss SN——W.

“ That faire embodied masse, is one of the mountain
“ *Appenines*, for ever capt with *Snowe* ! Whene’er the
“ Sunne dothe woo her with his smiles right lustilie,
“ charmed with his warme embrace, she melting yielde
“ unto his wille, and then poures forthe a genial current
“ to the worlde belowe !”

PAGE 86.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXIII.—Mr. BR—D—L.

“ I knewe that whimsical Sir *Hugo* well, who waged
“ knichte-errantrie against his own sweete peace! In
“ a sunne-shinie day, one might see him, like an arrant
“ schoole-boy, making duckes and drakes with the fleet-
“ inge comfortes of human life! At other times would he
“ stand slip-shod at his lattice, to kicke the purest blef-
“ finges from his thresholde! With so unreasonable an
“ care for *musique* was he born, that he would forsake
“ all the harmonies of his owne housholde, only to carry
“ the cracked lute of a lewd minstrel, from *Padua* to
“ *Verona*!”

PAGE 39.—GENUINE.

CLXIV.—Lady ANN L—MB—N.

—— “ Lowe on my bended knees I praie you pause,
“ And viewe the dreadful precipice you neare
“ With steppes unhallowed ! Quicklie tread them back,
“ And *Time* oblivious soone shall raze them out.
“ No longer let the proude, and parent source
“ Attainte the lesser vessels of your bloode,
“ To pour dishonour foule on all our race !”

PAGE 104.—GENUINE.

FORTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXV.—Sir G. P. T—R.

“ Which meddling *Sir* among you, can fathome the
“ minde of a greate man by the shallowness of his everie
“ daie understanding ?—As to mine own selfe, let my
“ deedes challenge their paramount desertes : am I not
“ political, comical, scientifical, pragmatikal, naie per-
“ chance poetical, according to the quarterly variations of
“ *St. Dunstan's* chimes ?—In the Senate, I doe speake mar-
“ vellouslie without booke ; and, returning home, can,
“ upon a pinche, threade a needle for a faire sempstresse,
“ though I doe pricke my littel finger in the atchieve-
“ mente !—In a worde, I emploie the passing houres more
“ in wisdom and sound discretion, than any other of our
“ motlie Squires to be met with in *Salamanca* !”

Page 24.—GENUINE.

CLXVI.—Countess of G—F—D.

“ Come, come, *Blanche*, on the worlde let us sette its
“ proper value!—’tis this same wealthe dothe yelde to us
“ women, all that our little hartes so sobbe, and fighe for.
“ Marry, I tell thee, Girl, that *monie* is a *matche* as well as
“ *mischiefe*-maker; for though it sett half mankind at
“ loggerheades, it sweetlie bindes the better parte in *golden-*
“ *bondage*!—Had my Lorde been even blinde to my at-
“ tractions personal, (which Heaven forbade), he had witte
“ enough at will to spie endowments in me, which out-
“ live the short heighos of a bridal honie-moone!

Page 186.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLXVII.—Lord D—L—V—L.

* A plague on these female musquitoes !—why do they
“ keep buzzing about the fraile parte of man, after he is
“ paste flie-blowing ?—The jades know my weaknesse, and
“ practice lasciviousslie upon it : and yet the lees of life
“ are sweetened only by their cajoleries !—Men, it seems,
“ have different tastes and palates ; for mine own parte,
“ I am for plaine sauce to my pickled gurnette! give me but
“ a fine wenche and a fiddle, and consign all the witchinge
“ *whoredoms* of BABYLON to my Lordes the Bench of
“ B——’s!

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CLXVIII.—Mifs K—P—L.

- “ How it has chanced, that loftie *Arefine*
“ Her colde, and virgin courfe fo long hath helde,
“ None truly can devise. With airie pride
“ Her wilde and light-hued trefles ftill do flowe
“ In plaieful luxurie adown her necke,
“ Enticing everie eye to wanton thither!
“ Surelie a creature formed and featured thus,
“ Should be enforced to leave the common-weale
“ Some little femblance of her lovelie felfe!
“ Yet is her harte fo icicled around,
“ That not the wooing breathe of all her flaves
“ Can thawe one frozen fighe, or grace her cheek
“ With one foft fmile which *Love* might call his owne!”

PAGE 20.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CLXIX.—BISHOP OF B——R.

—— “ Pfhawe! my good Lorde of *Canterburie*!
“ nowe are you grown more meeke, than trulie sapient.
“ If, for a little manual *batterie* in defence of our Holie
“ *Churche*, they be suffered to *assault* me legallie—’tis
“ well!—By St. Paule, I stretched out mine arme of
“ fleshe but to subdue the wratheful spirit of the sinful
“ man. In veritie he did refuse salvation in mine own
“ way, that I might humble him to the ground, and
“ thus from eternal bondage save him! Should they
“ still squib their pop-gun quidlibets at *nisi prius*—appeal-
“ ing to our *Alma Mater*, I must bring her *Cannon Lawe*
“ in my defence:—nay, and they more enchafe my mitred
“ browes, *malgre* my wife’s salt teares, by the masse,
“ as *Abbotte* of BANGOR, but I will lay right lustilie
“ about me!”

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

NO. CLXX.—LADY W—LCH—Y OF E—B—Y.

- " Sir, as in infant honours you are dressed,
" And that by mine own hande, I pray you keepe
" Your name, and new coined title, far aloofe
" From my long-blazoned fame!—Goe, prouddie gaze
" Upon your unfoiled *pattente*, cheaplie earned,
" And leave to me, your dignifieing wife,
" The thornie traverses to higher grandeur!
" Mine be the politie to move between
" The love, and hatred of a *royal pair*,
" And manage well their courtlie discontents.—
" With these, I charge you, intermeddle not,
" Left I, who out of nothings made a *Lorde*,
" His Lordshippe may annihilate againe!"

PAGE 34.—Not GENUINE.

No. CLXXI.—SIR G—D—Y W——R.

—— “ And you should see Sir *Godbolde's* pette
“ *Ewe* passe the mountaine, doe his Worshippe a goods
“ turne, honest shepherde, and make reporte of her right
“ speedilie!—The poore *Knight* hathe lamentable lost
“ in her, four quarters of as prettie muttone as ever
“ sheepishlie looked *tuppe* i' th' face!—We doe marvel
“ what the murrain could aile her, unless she was
“ stricken with the *gad-flie*, and argyle on our *Southerne*
“ *Downes*, could not decentlie contain herself!—Marry, I
“ doe fear at best she will return to us too full of unlaw-
“ ful lambe, to be fit foode for any but *Foxes* to de-
“ voure!”

PAGE 20.—GENUINE.

No. CLXXII.—HON. MISS R——.

“ Where hides the fell despoiler now his heade,
“ On which the laurelles of licentious love
“ Too longe have bloomed ?—Base counterfeite of man,
“ Saie, could thy luring harte no warfare wage
“ But 'gainst the virginne weaknesse of our sexe ?
“ Falso to thy vowes in earlie wedlocke made,
“ What from thy ripen'd prejuries could growe
“ But blighted fruite our penitence to feede !
“ Goe, monster, baselie destined to transforme
“ A maiden's sighs to imprecations wilde ;
“ Thy hauntes her ceaseles curfes shall pervade,
“ To tell thee what to villainy she owes !”

PAGE II.—*Not* GENUINE.

FORTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXIII.—Earl of ER—L.

“ As you are more sharpe-witted than myfelfe, I do
“ fubfcribe moft voluntarilie to your opinion:—fo thus
“ it fimplie ftandes:—‘ by foregoing my title, I am the
“ more entitled to be a Gentleman than when I was a
“ Lorde;’—for fay you trulie, that *Gentlemen* were made
“ ere *Lordes* were created, or begotten; ergo, Lordships
“ were fabricated but to make new-fangled Gentry,
“ which we, of *original* stocke, stand not in neede of. In
“ veritie then it is a problem moft cleare, that I do think
“ it long till I am beridden of my Lordlie title, and be-
“ come the *prettie kinde of Gentleman* that you do de-
“ voutlie wifh to fee me!”

PAGE 113.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXIV.—Lady A—KL—D.

- " Goe,—from *Asterna's* perfect model forme
" Your patterned mothers to adorne the lande !
" By travaile oft endured, and hopes renewed,
" Her duties are so graven on her harte,
" That no alluring blandishments of Courtes
" From her parental course can now seduce her !

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CLXXV.—Rev. Dr. R—ND—PH.

——“ Looke ye, Sirs ! as a man of holie life and conversation, I doe expecte to be entreated with all priestlie reverence !—I’ll take the finnes of no *frail fleshe* in christendom more than what I bear alreadie.—I delivered the *pacquet royalle* with my own handes, and sawe it booked, ‘ by the whole dutie of manne ! ’—Touchinge the *Golden Coinage* of our Sov’rain Liege, I know nought—for by the masse if it did journe with me it chinked not ! That I placed this *pacquet* in the right roade to salvation, is true as lighte ! let those who did pervert it to purposes of darknes therefore be responsible.—If the worlde, putting ‘ *faithe in my goode workes,* ’ do believe me, ‘ well ! ’—if not, I pleade my *benefitte of Clergy* ! ”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

CLXXVI.—M—N—SS of ST—F—D.

- “ Oh, she that bare her did I knowe right well !—
“ When destined to depart our happie isle,
“ In teares she lefte it for a foreigne shore,
“ Though on its beache a *princelie lover* stoode !
“ Harde now, that fate should blightinglie pursue
“ Her fairest offspringe, hither driven o’er
“ To cull upon her mother’s native soile
“ Some of those blessinges which she lefte behind !
“ Boldlie I’ll stand beside her innocence,
“ Though all the browes of power doe frown upon me !”

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

FORTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXVII.—MARQUIS OF B—TH.

“ Slave! bring me another stoope of *Canarie*, and then
“ leave me to my lucubrations!—In taking offe all my
“ bon companions, Dame *Fate* hathe rather run me
“ harde; for nowe am I doom'd, bottle after bottle, to re-
“ count my los of those who popped off before me, like
“ decayed corks from wine upon the frette!—So here
“ incessantlie sit I, to drink a requiem to their jollie
“ soules!”

PAGE 13.—GENUINE.

CLXXVIII.—HON. MRS. B—V—RIE.

— “ Oh! she hathe an unconquerable spirit in
“ matters of public concerne; and so zealous for the
“ well doinge of the *common weale*, that she kicked her
“ tailor down staires, onlie, forfoothe, because he had
“ made a costlie robe of state for the Queene's Majestie,
“ when she looked to be sole *Regent* of the *People*!

PAGE 103.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLXXIX.—DUKE OF M—NCH—R.

“ I viewed him on the margin of the *Thames*, plying
“ a pair of *oares*, as if he had to earn a scantie liveli-
“ hooe by buffetting the foamie tide!—Whether his
“ Grace will thus bequalifie himself the better for af-
“ faires of state, I wotte not; but, *certes*, he must be
“ well prepared for the worste of times; because, by the
“ dexterous use of his *scull*, he maie contrive at least to
“ keepe his owne *beade* above the water!”

PAGE 72.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXX.—PRINCESS S—PH—A OF GL——R.

— “ Well might one envie those
“ Within the confine of some lowlie vale,
“ Who passe their fleeting lives as nature willes,
“ In all the purities of faithful love !
“ My sickening harte for these would gladlie yelde
“ The titled trappings which so much disguise
“ Whate’er simplicitie maie challenge in me !”

PAGE 206.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXXI.—SIR WILLIAM G—RY.

— “To the SULTAN's prime *Mufti* am I indebted
“ for mine election, who deigned to choose me publicke
“ spendthrift of mine own privie purse for the benefitte
“ of the State! The nexte honour I do looke for, is a
“ permission, under his Highness's hande and seale, to
“ builde an hospitall for *courtlie lunatiques*, and to be
“ named sole Governor thereof myfelfe, at special times,
“ whene'er the moone be at her fulle!”

PAGE 54.—GENUINE.

CLXXXII.—HON. MRS. N—TH.

— “ Oh ! there is a giddie worme within this un-
“ subdued fleshe of mine, that will not die, and which
“ neither travele, nor the arte spirituelle of my *mitred*
“ *LORDE* can ever sette at reste !—”

PAGE 16.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLXXXIII.—HON. CAPT. GEORGE B—KL—Y.

“ The faulte must lie at his own doore, if a warfareing
“ man be not accounted valorous in the world’s weake
“ judgement at the least!—Why hathe he the gifte of
“ tongue, but to promulgate deedes, which did not reach
“ the eyes of ordinarie observers!—Marry, to make *Fame’s*
“ records surer on your side, call forthe the *Linner’s*
“ arte, which dothe bepaint right lustilie beyond the
“ life, and he will so beblazon fiction’s seates to after-
“ times, that they shall long survive the short-lived va-
“ loure of your fighting Sirs!—”

PAGE 10.—Not GENUINE.

. CLXXXIV.—DUCHESS OF N—TH—B—D.

- “ Well maie *Northumbria*'s race in soothe be proude
“ Of this puillante partner of their Chiefe !
“ Whate'er in mortal dignitie there be,
“ *Sans* question it adorne her lovelie browe,
“ Besuiting well the diadem she weares.
“ But high o'er this so gracefullie doe peere
“ The simpler virtues of domestique life,
“ That soone the titled eminence is losse
“ In admiration of the *fairer* WOMAN !—

PAGE 49.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXXV.—EARL OF L—SD—LE.

— “That is the manne to my thinking on the score
“ of valour personal, who can *fighte* with all heaven's
“ creatures more heartilie than *feede* them!—Such an
“ one is constrained to delve into the hungrie bowels
“ of the lande, in searche of wealthe he lacketh not;
“ thus procreating convulsions under grounde, and making
“ her people with their mother *earthe* to *quake*!—Of
“ such almightie men, *Marvino*, they now-a-dajes doe
“ moulde their *Lordes*, so that their constitution-politique
“ be not sapped by more desperate *underminers*!”

PAGE 27.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXXVI.—Mrs. M. A. T—VL—R.

[*Her Second Suffrage.*]

- “ A truce, I praie thee, *Blanche*,
“ To all the dulcet flatterie of thy tongue !
“ If in the vision of my dapper Lorde
“ So prominent my beautie dothe appeare,
“ Bid him no more unaptlie note it downe
“ Upon the chilling canvas of an arte,
“ But conjugallie give from Nature's touche,
“ More glowinge copies of my lovelie selfe,
“ Though they be framed in *little* !”——

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

CLXXXVII.—LORD M—LMS—Y.

— “ Oh, Sir, their choice did well devolve on him,
“ so artfullie ordained to nibble things afunder !—Marked
“ you not, in *Regencies* of yore, how well he did essay to
“ gnawe the ligatures in twaine, which had so long up-
“ held the canopie o’ the State ?—Who then so fitte to
“ trie his skilfulle toothe upon the newer cordage that
“ dothe more slightlie binde the destinies of *France* !—
“ Trust to’t, the deede he’ll doe, if that his *ratteish* nose
“ be not ensnared within the fresh-filed trappe of their
“ new republique !”

PAGE 108.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXXVIII.—MISS ST—RT.

“ Though elder borne of her that gave me life,
“ Her vaine propensities I ne’er did share !
“ Soone as the midnight orgies of our house,
“ With all the revelries of lustfulle plaie
“ Doe ’gin their baneful course, with traverse slowe
“ Within my chambered privacie I hie,
“ And there corporeallie obtaine repose,
“ Awhile my painful, and affrighted minde
“ Dothe dreame of all the wicked worlde belowe.”

PAGE 12.—*Not* GENUINE.

FORTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXXIX.—Sir W^M. P—L T—Y.

—— “ Naie, and what of that ?—If manne be
“ borne of earthlie minde, let him be forthwith nomi-
“ nated Purveyor-General in *peccadilloe* of that duste, to
“ which worme-like he must returne;—I knewe me
“ such an one, the strange inhabitant of a venerable
“ dwellinge, who did escape taxation of all windowe
“ lattices, by contenting himselfe with the simple lu-
“ minations of his owne braine !—there satte he, time
“ out of patience, exorbitantlie measuring forth to needie
“ trowel-menne, his owne soile by the inch square !
“ —thus he grewe abundant in his wealthe, until the
“ maine beames of his mansion did becracke with the
“ sterling weighte of golde, incontinentlie piled up !

PAGE 63.—*Not GENUINE.*

CXC.—Madame S—w—l—c h.

“ Mine *Got!* but dey doe belie his royalle yeuthe most
“ marvelouſſie!—By mine trute, but he be growne both
“ a ſweete, and a goote *Prince!* Vhy—in his grace he now
“ be ſo font of me, that he dothe wiſſitte de bedde in mine
“ affliction, and plaie with efferie littel haire upon mine
“ cheek!—then he dothe talke of mine *ducattes* ſo
“ kindlie, az eef dey vere his owne!—naie, I doe be-
“ liefe dat he would kindlie take dem into his own
“ royalle keepinge, for de comforte of mine old age!—
“ Oh! he be de ſweeteſt, and de viſeſt *Prince* that ever
“ did ſpring from the Royalle ſtocke of *Yarmanny!*”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

No. CXCI.—Alderman C—MBE.

—— “ Sir, I tell you, though I am a brewer of
“ *browne sboute*, these civique honours fitte not lightlie
“ on my shoulders. True it is, that I have raised my-
“ selfe, from a man o’ the Common Liverie, to be a chiefe
“ o’er Common Counsellors i’ the *Easte*, while my com-
“ panions i’ the *West* did declare unto me, that “ robes
“ and furred gownes hide all !” Marry, Sir, if that were
“ so, the *Cittes* had not espied the *sbaking of my elbowe*
“ beneath an Aldermanique gabardine !—I tell you once
“ againe, these civique honours fitte not light upon me !”

PAGE 28.—GENUINE.

CXCII.—Lady H—S—YM—R.

- “ Who sawe ROWENA in her maiden state,
“ When all the beauties of a modest minde
“ Began to peere, and innocentlie blende
“ Their tintes with those, which decked her lillie cheekes?
“ So still she keepes her captivating stores,
“ Though on a lovelie race she hathe bestowed
“ Unnumbered graces from her parent stocke!”

PAGE 14.—GENUINE.

FORTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXCIH.—BISHOP W—TS—N.

— “ Suppose that he be an ABBOTTE cloathed
“ in *priesteboode*, he will prove no worme-eaten buttrasse
“ to our Mother *Churche* on this side the grave, or I have
“ mista'en his Reverence hugelie! Whilst his bretheren
“ in the houre of jeopardie did turn their mitres into
“ night-cappes, from their meeke propensitie to dozeing,
“ he bestirred lustilie in his vocation, and stooode him
“ forthe the true defender of our Christianne faithe!—
“ Hence is he yclep'd the holie *Alchymiste*, because he
“ dothe extracte for men's mindes, the puritie of earthlie
“ comforte from the *cruscible* of his owne benevolence!”

CXCIV.—LORD C—M—L F—D.

—— “Avasste, my brinie messlemates!—if you
“thwarte, and turn him blufflie nose to tide, the spraye
“of his wrathe will soufe some of you fore and afte, I
“tell ye!—Only ease him, d’ye see, a point or two from
“the winde, and you’ll ride safelie with him through
“the roughest weather!—Neither your Courtes nor
“crownettes, bilboes nor bastinadoes, can warpe him
“from salt water, which he delights in like a wild-
“ducke!—He met the *Algerine* but t’other day, who gave
“him so short an allowance of comfort on board his
“corfair:—my limbs! but he rubbed out the old score
“with his rattan upon his *Barbary* shoulders, till the
“*Sea-calf* roared out for mercie he had never shewn!—
“The younker is a pickled fish, that’s certain—but a
“goode office goes with him through life, while a dirtie
“one never slippes his reckoninge!”

CXCIV.—MISS M—L—G.

- “ If I could truste his *Grace's* melting eyes
“ Which doe so busilie befellowe mine,
“ I might this fonde interrogating harte
“ Now sette at reste, and sweete assurance give
“ That it hathe sealed its sov'raigne hope!—Whate'er
“ The fraile accomplishments I boaste,
“ These let me cherish as the best of boones,
“ In fondest wish that they may treasure up
“ The huptial blessing thus so proudlie won!”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CXCVI.—LORD R—LLE.

— “ *Certes*, SIRE, a man may plaie the foole in
“ lowe life in order to his exaltation; but having at-
“ tained a Lordshippe paramount, he cannot continue to
“ execute the humble things that appertain themselves
“ to simple common-hoode!—True it is, my LIEGE,
“ that our *vassalage* of DEVONNE have swerved from
“ their betrothed allegiance to the Ruler of your State.
“ Deign you to aske, why I, with all my mighte and
“ zeale, did not prevent it?—my answer, SIRE, is short-
“ lie this: I could have disperfed the sturdie knaves
“ with the bare breathe of my lordlie nostrils, though
“ they had swarmed like *pilchardes* on our coaste; but
“ since it did bepleafe your Highnesse to shape from me
“ a PEER of Brittaines realme—marry I’ve other *fishe* to
“ *frie*!”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

FORTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXCVII.—LADY ELIZ. L—T—L.

“What an *Irishe bowle* is here sette up, about the
“departure of a paltrie *rouleau* of light guineas, for
“which I gave a draughte upon my monie-holder’s
“banke, for value not received!—A *Bill of Plate*, not
“being stamped for honourable purpose, ought not, by
“legalle custom of exchange, to be dulle honoured;
“therefore did I *counter-cheque* my order, which, in the
“weaknesse of womanhooe, I had issued; and for this
“onlie hathe my faire fame been scandalouslie beslurred
“throughout the capital!—But if I have not ample ven-
“geance on that *dealer in odds trickes*, may I never sette
“cocke upon a card againe!”

PAGE 36.—GENUINE.

..IAHIT AYAD HTHOM TTHAL

CXCVIII.—MR. T—RN—Y.

—— “ Canvassè me the voters wives of *Southwarke*,
 “ for I must batter the kustinges once more with the
 “ cuckoldie heades of their Lordes and Masters!—Since
 “ no lawe, dead or living, can denominate this a *treate*,
 “ kisse me also their spinster daughters throughout the
 “ *Mint*, being heedful that the hussies doe not warmlie
 “ paie you back in your own *coine*!—Having stayed the
 “ *trencher* worke of my opponent, perchance I may the
 “ electors starve into a just opinion of mine own *desert*.—
 “ I have told them roundlie, that a *freed-man* must come
 “ to the *polle* with an *emptie stomach*, to preserve a *sounde*
 “ *constitution*, and that he can swallowe nought but my
 “ wordes without a deep transgression of the statute
 “ lawe:—if this avail me not, there will be no trap-
 “ ping the warie knaves, either *full*, or *fastinge*!”

PAGE 123—GENUINE.

CXCIX.—HON. MISS H——Y.

—— “ By my knighthoode but she is a comelie
“ lasse ! and so expert a mistresse in the arte of *signalles*,
“ that she can make you a *mirrou* of her own *kerchiefe*,
“ and, by the quicknesse of her eye, reade its reflected
“ answers from one streete’s end to the other. In good
“ soothe, this faire dame is in a faire way to be mar-
“ velouslie *signalized* !”

PAGE 73.—Not GENUINE..

CC.—MR. W—L—F—CH.

“ Mark me nowe, Honourable Sirs! although manne's
“ conscience be *enslaved*, may not his bodie still be free,
“ and active to the warie purports of his minde!—For
“ mine own parte, I had, in *Chriſtianne* veritie, an earlie
“ *calle* unto the humbler pathes of *grace*;—whate'er the
“ proffitte of it be in this vaine worlde, I take it as a
“ foretaste of my future recompence in that which is to
“ come!—Nay, and it be our sacred privilege goode Se-
“ nators to trafficke in *pietie*, we must be allowed to
“ barter the superfluxe of *spiritual concerns*, to insure our
“ own *political salvation*!”

PAGE 37.—Not GENUINE.

FORTY-NINTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCI.—LADY S—MP—N.

—— “ If she be an old *Puffs* too proude and statelie
“ to catch a moufe i' the barne, she were as well, for the
“ quiet of the house, to be without her clawes!—A mur-
“ rain seize your *tabbie* CATTES, say I!—what a spittinge
“ and meweinge doe they sette up, to make the braw-
“ linges of a high winde more hideous! Woe betide the
“ restless tenants of that roofe, o'er the pann-tiles of
“ which these whiskered wizzardes doe rantipole it so
“ shrewishlie!”

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

FORTY-NINTH DAY: TRIAL

CCII.—Mr. C. ATK——N.

— “Blesse the poore manne’s odde wittes, that
 “will never let his heade reste but in stations too ex-
 “alted! Here have they thruste it once more into our
 “*Senate House*, where the waggos doe throwe their jokes,
 “and jibes more cuttinglie about them, than your poul-
 “terers wives their filthie egges at Martin-masse!”

PAGE 57.—GENUINE.

CCHI.—ALN——N P—CK—T.

— “ When they did expunge those emptie heades
“ from off the frontlet of our Citie’s gate, mine own was
“ sette thereon, and did most wittinglie devise how to
“ dismantle our *Temple’s barre* to publique inter-cursion.
“ It doth seeme, to builde a civique fame, one must be
“ constrained to pull you down the stouter workes of an-
“ tient men !—But the minde, my masters, must be kept
“ in concussion, or the braine of an ordinarie citizen would
“ soon curdle over, like greene duck-weede on a gar-
“ denne ponde !”

PAGE I.—GENWINE.

END OF ACT II.

CCIV.—LADY H—THC—TE. 30.

— “ Oh she dothe sweetlie bende
“ The mirthfalle gaieties of polished life
“ Unto the meede of Christian *charitie* !
“ Marke where she leades the rural masque, or balle,
“ And viewe her faire companions i' the scene ;
“ Though riche in charmes, in simple vestes they're cladde,
“ Wrought all by spinsters handes in hamlettes rounde !
“ 'Tis thus that mirthe and innocence doe twine
“ Their staple virtues to adorne the minde !”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

END OF VOL. II.
